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To serve as a link between Britons all over the world in protest against the surrender of their world heritage

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MAY IT PLEASE YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS

By A. K. CHESTERTON

AT the beginning of last month Prince Philip gave the world the benefit of his advice about how the Rhodesian problem should be treated. Speaking to students in Edinburgh he said:

> "I recognise, as I think we all recognise, the impressions of many Africans about the situation in Rhodesia. But I think that in the long run it is better to spin out the process of the solution of these difficulties with patience, and therefore with a bit of luck to get a peaceful result rather than to risk a blood bath and many other unpredictable results by forcing the pace at this time. I think that everybody recognises that the ultimate result is inevitable. But I think a few years here or there do not matter if we can achieve this result peacefully and quietly".

His Royal Highness's incursion into the field of imperial policy brought forth howls of protest, all from the wrong quarters and all for quite the wrong reason.

Thus Mr. Hugh Jenkins expressed the view that the Prince's statement about not risking a blood bath was an indication that he sided with the White races—"and this," he added, "is all wrong in a multi-racial Commonwealth". Presumably Mr. Jenkins and those who think as he does would prefer to march at once—or rather, have British troops march—to shoot down their kith and kin in Rhodesia and restore the land to the savagery from which it was rescued little more than seventy years ago.

ANTI-WHITE

It would not occur to people like Hugh Jenkins, either because of inadequate intellectual powers or because of over-charged emotionalism, that the speech made by Prince Philip, so far from being pro-White, was anti-White—a subtle attempt to undermine the entire concept of civilized rule in Rhodesia. What he told the Whites, in other words, was that they could not win—an idea which, given the cachet of a Royal pronouncement, will be used to devastating effect by subversives already at work upon the erosion of Rhodesian morale.

"I think," said the Prince, "that everybody recognises that the ultimate result is inevitable". The concept of inevitability, fostered in one land after another ever since the war, has done more than anything to shrivel the self-confidence of those who have been the custodians of civilisation in our overseas territories. Should the British Empire prove to have been struck down beyond power of recovery, let the honest historian record that it was not destroyed by guns or bombs, by international financial take-over bids or Communist subversion, far less by local demagogy, but by semantic poisoning, of which the deadliest poison, in the context of survival, is the word "inevitable".

Mr. Ian Smith said less than twelve months ago that if White rule could be maintained during his life-time it could be maintained for ever. Now Prince Philip has entered the arena to controvert even Mr. Smith's conditional hypothesis. It is only a matter of "a few years here or there" before the Prince's thesis of "inevitability" will do the trick or—as I would prefer to say—the dirty work. So much for Mr. Smith!

If His Royal Highness composed his own speech it would be interesting if we could catch a glimpse of the philosophical background to his thinking, should that be the right word to apply to a piece of prose which gives more the impression of being the sort of made-to-measure sloganizing turned out by some P.R.O. hack at the Colonial Office.

What the Prince said, in effect, was that there was no need to charge a bastion which, within a very few years, would cease to be a bastion and become no more than an edifice upon which its cowed inhabitants would hasten to fly an enormous white flag. It is difficult to place any interpretation upon the Royal speech other than that His Royal Highness foresees an "inevitable" crumbling of European morale which must make Rhodesians incapable of putting up any further defence of their own civilisational values and their right to rule the country of their own creation.

DUTY OF ALL

Upon what ground does the Prince base this assumption of a speedy collapse of Rhodesian morale? Should he reply that British communities throughout Africa and Asia, as well as in the British Isles, have fallen victim to a strange malady of the spirit, leading to a paralysis of the will, a weakness for the line of least resistance, an infinite capacity to compromise, an acceptance of the tyranny of words and an apparent loss of power to cope with problems affecting their own survival, and that this spiritual sickness must inevitably strike down the people of Rhodesia, then I would hasten to offer my respectful agreement with the diagnosis, although not with the inevitability of the disease's expansion across the Zambesi River. I would maintain, on the contrary, that it was the duty of us all, and pre-eminently the duty of Her Majesty's consort, to throw all our weight into combatting and containing the sickness and wherever possible remedying its ravages. But that is precisely what

His Royal Highness is not doing. In the Edinburgh speech he disclosed himself as an actual carrier of the semantic poison that has done so much to destroy the British world.

MEDICINE NEEDED

I intend no disrespect, but merely to speak the truth as I see it. Prince Philip, through no fault of his own, was able to play no part in contributing to the British world achievement—beyond doubt the most wonderful achievement in the annals of mankind. In the formalities attending the disruption of many segments of that achievement he has several times been called upon to take an important part and has performed the office with perhaps rather more panache than the occasions strictly required. Hauling down the Union Jack in one land after another has not, however, conferred on His Royal Highness the authority to undermine the morale of the brave men and women endeavouring to hold barbarism along the line of Zambesi. There is no inevitability about their defeat. Instead, there is every chance of their being able to help in the cure of the degeneracy prevailing almost everywhere else by the use of a medicine which has been locked up for twenty years but which could transform the world. The name of the medicine? Boldness.

QUALITY PREVAILS

May it please His Royal Highness, before again entering this sector of public affairs, to give very much deeper thought to its problems. He could ruminate, for instance, on the fact that quantity has rarely beaten quality and in the modern world has less chance to prevail than ever before—providing, of course, that quality is not self-betrayed. For the best, or near-best, for the most advanced in human values and technical skills, to make obeisance and hand over command not to the tenth-rate but to grotesque and often devilish parodies of the tenth-rate, is a phenomenon without precedent in history. It is an infamous insult to the holy spirit of man and a cynical throwing back into the teeth of God of His most precious gifts for the enrichment and good ordering of the world.

If His Royal Highness has never thought along these lines, is it not time that he began?

CUT AND THRUST

SIR ALEC DOUGLAS-HOME'S relinquishment of the Conservative Party leadership was incomparably his finest hour. His quiet dignity compelled respect, and was in marked contrast to his conduct in trying to grin his way into favour in front of the television cameras while the squalid battle for the Macmillan succession was being waged at Blackpool. In the Blackpool role he appeared as a clown. In his retirement from the leadership he showed what it is to be, in the very best sense of the word, a gentleman.

Even so, let us keep in mind the man's true measure. *Candour* from the first insisted that he was a lightweight, and *Candour* has not been proved wrong. We remember his answer, when taxed with handing over Kenya to Mau Mau: "Well, let us hope that Mau Mau won't do too badly". When asked to stand by fellow-Britons in Rhodesia his inane reply was: "If this lady thinks I am being too militant, let me remind her that I happen to have been the Minister who signed the test-ban treaty in Moscow". When some high-spirited young Britons in Uganda, wishing to guy an elder generation, organised a party in the cod name of the League of Ex-Empire Loyalists, and foregathered with topees, spine-pads and bottles of quinine, the mindless Uganda Government expelled them from the country. Sir Alec, instead of standing by these innocent youngsters, crawled on his belly and apologized to the Uganda Government. Although he lacked the character to defend Britons and their interests at home and overseas, it is at least to his credit that he did not lack the breeding to retire with impeccable manners from a post to which he should never have aspired.

* * *

The battle for the Douglas-Home succession was almost as sick-making as the battle for the Macmillan succession had been. Despite the Conservative Party's new election mechanism, there was the same public preening of themselves, the same presentation of their own ideal image, by the two principal contenders as there had been by the candidates at Blackpool. "Reggie" Maudling, so relaxed, so benign, so approachable, paraded what he conceived to be the exterior expression of these attributes before the cameras, taking care to push his family into the foreground to uphold the popular picture of himself as a comfortable, easy-going family-man.

His rival, on the other hand went to some pains to reveal himself as by nature a retiring aesthete dedicated to the quieter and more delicate pleasures of life. Slipping away from the busy haunts of men, Edward Heath sought sanctuary in his bachelor flat, where he sat down soulfully at the piano and played a gentle fugue. All by himsef? Yes, all by himself. Except, of course, for the television camera-men and the B.B.C. interviewers. In any other age even a humourless man like Heath would have regarded the very idea of such a charade as too preposterous to be considered. But today anything goes.

* * *

Can it be said that the succession to the Tory leadership of Edward Heath has set British blood on fire? I suppose so. Were the mindless mobs which make up Conservative conferences to be presented with an orang-outang as their leader, then—providing the animal gave at least the impression of being blue-based—it would be accorded a delirious welcome. This is not to liken Heath to an orang-outang but simply to point out that it is an old Tory custom to worship the Tory leader—at any rate until somebody does a hatchet job on him. And one feels reasonably sure that if there is any

hatchet work to be done, Ted Heath will not be found at the wrong end of the hatchet.

What has Heath done that was distinguished enough to make of him the shadow Prime Minister? Wherein consists his fame? Towards what is his passion directed—the rebuilding of the British world in the light of the greatness of the British past, or the submerging of Britain in the cosmopolitan stews known as European Economic Community. We know the answer to that one. Heath, given the chance, will ruthlessly bulldoze a way for Britain into the Common Market and let the Devil take our daughter nations overseas.

* * *

Would Maudling have been more acceptable than Heath? It could at least be urged on his behalf that the B.B.C., which in a thousand subtle ways went all out for Heath, did not regard him as its favourite boy. And a big mark for "Reggie" was that Humphrey Berkely wanted "Ted". But these are rather negative qualifications. We remember that it was Maudling who eased Kenyatta into the Premiership of Kenya and who sold —nay, who gave away the pass in Northern Rhodesia to Kaunda. It was the patriot Reggie who told the Oxford Union that we must be prepared to fight for Queen and country because otherwise we would not be able to fulfil our commitments to Nato. There is really nothing to choose between these politicians. They are all a lot of bloody word-jugglers and chancers.

It interested me to learn that the first M.P. to vote (and promptly to make known that he had voted for Heath) was Roger Gresham-Cooke. Before the war, during the war, after the war and probably up to the time of the death of the late Howard de Walden, Gresham-Cooke was a member of the English Mistery, an elite society which sought to cherish our noblest traditions and to keep alive the spirit of true statecraft. You have travelled a long way from those times, have you not, my dear Roger?

* * *

I quote from a report in *The Times* dealing with the Rhodesian situation: "In a remarkable article signed by its editor, the right-wing weekly publication, *The Citizen,* this week brought out into the open the discontent with Mr. Smith's leadership that has been heard in the Rhodesian Front Party. *The Citizen,* which usually supports Mr. Smith and his Government, said there had been a bit of a swing in Government policies —a swing which requires plain talk and some explaining, too. The article put into words the belief among many of the party's strong right wing that the Government has backed away from a unilateral declaration of independence and is compromising on the question of whether Africans will be allowed to rule the country in the foreseeable future".

My own sources confirm the existence of this attitude. Certainly the Referendum now seems a long way away, as does the impetus which it engendered. If *Candour* has somewhat soft-pedalled the issue in recent months the reason is that its Editor formed so high an opinion of the personality and character of Mr. Ian Smith that he finds it difficult to believe that so resolute a man could ever bring himself to let his side down.

We all know that Ian Smith has enormous physical courage. We all suspect that he has enormous moral courage. But there is perhaps yet another kind of courage—let us call it intellectual courage—which is the rarest quality of all. It is the quality which prevents a man surrounded by all kinds of intrigue from succumbing to the temptation to "play politics"—in other words from weakening a position of strength through trying to meet intrigues by over-subtlety. Ian Smith's position is one of acute difficulty, but the less subtlety he brings to bear upon coping with his problems the firmer will be the ground under his feet and the stauncher the support of his followers. It is not a position in which compromise is possible.

Does Smith possess this very rare brand of courage? When he said that if White rule could be maintained in his own life-time, then there was no reason why it should not be maintained for ever, I thought he spoke its language. But when he said that he looked forward to the day when they had a truly Rhodesian Government, whatever its colour, the first doubts entered my mind. And there they remain.

* * *

Nobody could expect Ian Smith to rush into a unilateral declaration of independence without preparing against contingencies. If he is temporising with that end in view he should surely be able to let his followers know and so allay their doubts. On the other hand if his temporising is merely to seek a formula which for all practical purposes would mean ultimate capitulation, then his replacement of Winston Field will have proved without profit.

My faith is still reposed in Ian Smith. Honesty compels me to add that this faith is not absolute, certainly not blind. I would like to know what advice he receives from his Ministers, particularly from Clifford Dupont.

* * *

The *New York Herald Tribune* has been giving some close attention to the relationship at present existing between the South African Government and the South Africa Foundation. Declaring that a direct protest had been made privately by Sir Francis de Guingand, of the Foundation, to Dr. Verwoerd, the paper went on to record grumblings of discontent with South Africa's Prime Minister in the South Africa Federation, "an organisation of business men of all political faiths". The *Herald Tribune* continued: "Particular significance in this still-muted disenchantment is that Dr. Verwoerd's critics include important financial supporters of the ruling Nationalist Party. With nation-wide elections scheduled some time next year, South African big business is demanding that attention be given their protests".

After the skilled dissection of the Foundation by the *South African Observer* there can scarcely be any surprise in the discovery that the Foundation should be up to its neck in this under-cover revolt against the Verwoerd Government, while *Candour's* repeated warnings of the dangers of infiltration by international finance should have alerted Nationalists to the need for coping with wooden horse tactics. The lion may lie down with the lamb, but the springbok which lies down

with the mamba is foolish if it imagines that it will receive for reward anything other than the kiss of death.

* * *

The South African situation is undeniably difficult, but after all these years need its government be quite so naive in the handling of its external affairs? It went to considerable trouble to prepare a reasoned defence of its South-West African policy to produce to the Court of International Justice, before which it is being arraigned. It showed all the advantages of separate development, of preserving distinctive cultures, of lessening racial strife. Witnesses, including the editor-in-chief of *Die Burger*, were assembled to testify to these benefits and there was a corps of distinguished lawyers to plead the South African case. Had there been unofficial consultation with an organisation such as our own, I am sure that every member of the Policy Committee would have said something like this: "Yes, your case is faultless in logic and most skilfully prepared. But cannot you see that the other side will ram it down your throats as evidence against you?" This would perhaps have confirmed *Die Burger's* Editor in his curious belief that we are the enemies of South Africa!

What happened? Precisely that! Those launching the case against South Africa announced that they proposed to embody the entire South African defence in the indictment. Reporters at The Hague telegraphed that members of the South African delegation, taken completely by surprise, were both indignant and shocked. When will these well-meaning amateurs learn that their enemies are not interested in anything other than an end to *apartheid* and a unified South Africa under Black rule?

* * *

Two fugitives from justice in South Africa who disappeared from Swaziland last month made a long-distance call from Lusaka to Mbabane and announced their safe arrival in Zambia, after a journey through Mozambique with the Portuguese police one step behind them.

They are Barry Higgs and Sybilla Hyslop, both from Durban, and according to a newspaper report flew from Lusaka to London, with the fare of Higgs paid by the British Government. Are the taxpayers of Britain not entitled to be told what service Higgs has rendered them that they should be called upon to pay for his passage?

* * *

Chief Jonathan, leader of the Basutoland National Party, appealed to Dr. Verwoerd to help alleviate the famine conditions prevalent in parts of the Protectorate. Spontaneously generous, the South African Government sent a large consignment of maize to the borders, where it has piled up because of the refusal of the Basutoland Government to make arrangements for its distribution. If the local colonial administrators were responsible for this callous decision, they should be severly disciplined.

On the other hand, should the officials on the spot have acted on orders from the Colonial Office, it will be at once apparent that the Labour Government, for all its professed brotherly love, is far more interested in pursuing its vendetta against the South African Republic than in meeting human needs, however urgent. Whichever the explanation, the episode can have no effect other than to make the British name stink still more pungently in the nostrils of those aware of the infamous conduct of successive British Governments in Africa ever since the war.

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Before the coming of independence to Zambia "Africanisation" had led to over a hundred Africans on the Copperbelt being advanced to jobs normally done by Whites and receiving the full benefit of the salaries earned by Whites, averaging about £2,500 a year. Now that White miners are being squeezed out of the 40,000 strong labour force, the mining companies are trying to secure a much lower wage level for those Africans promoted to the former White-level grades.

Their argument is that an African country cannot accept as a standard the lavish pre-independence earnings on the Copperbelt, and the Kaunda Government, having been warned of the dangers of imports getting out of control, has been obliged, not without embarrassment, to acquiesce. Those aware of African limitations cannot but agree. Even so, it is difficult to refrain from remarking that the wind of change was not an ill-wind which blew Anglo-American and Rhodesia Selection Trust no good!

* * *

According to a report from Lusaka, in Zambia, a 16-year-old schoolboy was cheered off a football field at Livingstone after scoring two goals for his school's 6-2 victory over a railway side. Two hours later he was found battered to death by supporters of the rival team.

It would seem to be a case where Africans have taken a game from the civilized world and made their own distinctive kind of elaboration to deepen and darken its significance.

* * *

Good news does not come so often these days that we can afford to neglect any opportunity to welcome it. Some weeks ago Mr. Ralph R. Loffmark, British Columbia's Minister of Trade and Commerce, urged the removal of all tariffs between Canada and the United States, arguing that the advantages were so great that it would be worth the risk of political domination by the Americans. Newspapers furiously attacked the Loffmark proposal and the Federal Government flatly rejected it. Mr. Walter Gordon, Minister of Finance, said that anything like a bilateral Canadian-American customs union would be disastrous to Canada's nationality.

It is enheartening to know that Canada is still staunchly attached to the principle of national sovereignty. However, unless one day the British nations, cocking a snoot at Gatt, come together to reconstruct the Imperial Preference system devised at Ottawa in

the early 'thirties, it seems probable that the Loffmark mentality, with its indifference to independence, must surely prevail in the end. Staunch though the Canadians have shown themselves to be in defence of their sovereignty, in the long run the sovereignty of all the British nations can only be ensured by the rebuilding of the British world and the relighting of the flame of the spirit which animated it to such great purpose.

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Derek Marks, editor of the *Daily Express,* declares that over the issue of sinking Britain's sovereignty in the Common Market he was opposed to both Heath and Maudling—as were a number of their colleagues. "But", adds Mr. Marks, "that is now a dead issue". That seems to me to be a very foolishly optimistic remark—indeed, a childish remark. While I have known Beaverbrook editors who struck me as having curiously childish minds, nothing Derek Marks has ever written before has caused me to assess him in that light.

What's the game? Mr. Marks must know damned well that Britain's entry into the Common Market is anything but a dead issue. It is international policy, about which Marks seems to be inadequately informed. Even if it really were a dead issue, however, what trust could possibly be reposed in leaders who tried to destroy Britain's historic independence?

* * *

This periodical has frequently referred to the fact that at the time when the atom-bombs were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki the Japanese were actually suing for peace. The U.S. State Department has now disclosed that the first of these peace-feelers were put out a year before the Japanese surrender. For this purpose Tokyo made use of the good offices of the Swedish Minister, who cabled to Stockholm news that Japan was prepared to return all territories taken from Great Britain, to recognise all former British investments and interests in East Asia, and to restore to their owners all other occupied territories, not excluding Manchukuo. The Swedish Foreign Office sent the information to London, which relayed it to the United States for the decision of Big Brother. Replied Big Brother: "The allied terms are unconditional surrender".

After all, it would never do for Big Brother to have left himself with no nuclear guinea-pig on which to test the A-bomb's efficacy. If it was right to hang the German leaders at Nuremberg, was it not sheer wickedness to allow Big Brother and his diabolical advisers to continue to bestride the world in triumph?

* * *

I had not realized, until I read the obituary notices in the British and American journals, just how saint-like a person Adlai Stevenson had been. He was, I gathered, an embodiment of all the virtues—a man whose whole life was disinterestedly devoted to securing justice for his fellow-men. "Selfless" was the word most often encountered in the obituaries. When he travelled up and down the African continent promising American loans and aid, provided the principle be accepted of one savage one vote (which is what it amounted to), the assumption must be that he did so as a lone crusader, serving no international financial interests but only his own high idealism. Somehow I find the assumption a little difficult to credit, but in such matters my feet always encounter difficulty in keeping step with the feet of the multitude.

However, those who do accept the more charitable view about Adlai Stevenson are doubtless considering whether a Runnymede site could also be found for a memorial to this most noble American. Indeed, the time has come to set up a governing body to allot Runnymede sites for future memorials to all those entitled to them or who one day will be entitled to them —Stevenson, Bernard Baruch, Lilienthal, Morgenthau, Eisenhower, Frankfurter, Brandeis and all the other valiant custodians of British liberties. Runnymede may become a little over-crowded, but that would be a small price to pay for the creation of so genuine a British Pantheon.

* * *

On January 14 of this year a nine-man deputation from Jewish organisations asked the Home Secretary for legislation against racial discrimination and incitement. So highly powered a pressure group could be sure of swift results and the required legislation has now passed all stages in the House of Commons. It will be interesting to see against whom it is directed.

I am not a preacher of racial hatred—unlike those millions who, succumbing to war psychosis, were prepared to carry their anti-Germanism to the most devilish lengths—and I think any attempt internally to incite one group against another is criminal, the more so in that vengeance is nearly always wreaked on the innocent for the misdeeds of the guilty. Yet the *Jewish Chronicle* once described the movement I founded as the most formidable adversary of Jewry in the United Kingdom, so that it seems reasonable to suppose that the promoters of this new legislation hope by means of it to silence my colleagues and myself.

* * *

Needless to say we shall not be silenced. If any identifiable Jewish move seems to me to be inimical to British interests I shall not hesitate to attack it, but this will not carry with it encouragement for louts to beat up the honest little Jewish tailor round the corner, or indeed for any group of frenetics to take the law into their own hands against anybody else.

In the same way I shall continue to express the view that it is a most culpable betrayal of the British race to seek its integration with the coloured races which have been allowed to flood into the country. This will not carry with it the suggestion that violence should be offered to the coloured people, because that would be unjust and monstrous, besides being altogether incapable of resolving the problem. If nevertheless my resolution to champion my own people enables the promoters of the new legislation to bring a criminal charge against me, I shall feel that a much higher distinction attaches to membership of the new criminal class than

to appear in the Honours List and that the prison-gates will have become a nobler symbol by far than the portals of the House of Lords.

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As a dweller in the Borough of Croydon, a town unlikely to harbour flamboyant conspiracies for the incubation of pogroms, I was surprised to read a "splash" story in the local paper which began: "Israeli Secret Service agents, Special Branch detectives at Scotland Yard and local police have been alerted following threats to burn down the new Croydon Synagogue and against the new Minister, the Rev. J. Kacenelenbogen". There followed harrowing details of telephone calls threatening death to other Croydon Jews, and the *Croydon Advertiser* went to town on the subject with a leading article headed "Squalid Menace of Racialism". In truth, however, these threats of pogroms, which from time to time since the war have been incubated in different parts of the world to focus attention on Jewry —"the cry of anti-Semitism always brings the sheep back into the fold"—and are almost always completely bogus, are probably contrived by the Jews themselves.

The Croydon alarm is not worth a moment's serious consideration. What interests me, however, is the statement that among those alerted to deal with a non-existent situation are "Israeli Secret Service Agents". Perhaps the *Croydon Advertiser* will inform us precisely what standing these gentry have in maintaining the rule of law in Great Britain. The answer to that question would also doubtless prove interesting to our own efficient Special Branch and to the no less competent Croydon police.

* * *

The Earl Mountbatten of Burma has been appointed Governor of the Isle of Wight. I wonder what the move can portend.

No news has reached me to suggest that the word "uhuru" is being passed from lip to lip among the islanders or of secret meetings in the dead of night to draw up plans for the Isle of Wight to proclaim its independence of the colonial overlord. Lord Mountbatten's special skills as a political midwife would, therefore, seem to be wasted by his posting to a part of the world which, as far as we know, is perfectly content with its present status. Perhaps the Earl's job is to change all that!

A.K.C.

RHODESIAN CANDOUR LEAGUE FORGES AHEAD

THE Candour League of Rhodesia, at its recent Annual General Meeting, elected Dr. Ian G. Anderson as Chairman of the National Executive and members of a similarly high calibre to the committee. It also has the advantage of being able to consult some of the best minds in Rhodesia—the minds of men and women debarred from membership because of their positions in the public life of the country.

It is most gratifying to record that the League has made consistent progress ever since its inauguration in April of last year. Membership is rapidly growing, as may be judged by the fact that all nine members of the European staff of one firm sent in applications to join. The League now has groups in every part of the country.

Nothing if not enterprising, the Candour League brought into being the Candour Youth Organisation almost as soon as the project was suggested. Run by a committee of young Rhodesians, under the guidance of its parent body, the Candour Youth Organisation invites applications for membership from Europeans between the ages of 16 and 25. Forms may be obtained from the Hon. Sec., Candour Youth Organisation, P.O. Box 1871, Salisbury, or P.O. Box 8370, Belmont, Bulawayo.

While many Rhodesians have worked hard and skilfully to place the Candour League in its present state of growing membership and influence, none among them will resent the singling out of one name for special mention. Unswervingly through the years, whatever the state of her health and often almost single-handed, Bettie Wemyss has battled along to promote the ideals now embodied in the Candour League. If ever anybody has held high the torch, whatever the discouragement, it is Mrs. Wemyss and the fact that the Candour League is now forging rapidly ahead owes much to her staunchness and continuity of character and her indomitable spirit displayed during the lonely years of struggle.

In writing this tribute I am emboldened by the fact that I am several thousand miles away, because Bettie has a detestation of the lime-light and a horror of receiving personal praise.

A.K.C.

THE NEW UNHAPPY LORDS: DELIVERIES BEGUN

The New Unhappy Lords, A. K. Chesterton's exposure of power-politics in the modern world, has been held up for over six weeks beyond publication date. This is the fault neither of Candour Publishing Company nor of our printers. On the very day that the first deliveries were expected from the book-binders, the firm entrusted with the job coolly telephoned to say that they could not undertake to deliver for another six weeks.

The work was thereupon transferred to a firm of book-binders in Bristol which promised delivery within two weeks and has been even better than its word, in that a special autographed edition has already been delivered and the despatch of copies has begun.

As *The New Unhappy Lords* reveals many facts which various vested interests would prefer to remain hidden, it is expected that the Press will give it the silent treatment and that the commercial book trade will not go out of its way to help in its distribution.

We shall, therefore, be very largely dependent for its sale upon recommendation by word of mouth by *Candour* readers, several hundreds of whom have ordered copies. If every reader were to persuade at least three other people to buy the book we could almost at once bring out a second edition.

Readers as far afield as South Africa, Rhodesia, Canada and the United States whose ordered copies have not reached them by the end of August, and readers in Australia and New Zealand who have not received their copies by the middle of September, are asked to get in touch with us without delay.

BOOKS WORTH READING

By AUSTEN BROOKS

THE fluoridation issue is one which is all too frequently argued in an atmosphere of near-hysteria on both sides, and it is therefore something of a treat to find a statement of the case against fluoridation put forward soberly and convincingly, as well as forcefully. Such a presentation Mr. P. Clavell Blount, chairman of the London Anti-Fluoridation Campaign, achieves in his recently-published book *Compulsory Mass Medication* (Clair Press 15s.).

Mr. Blount wisely begins by saying what fluoridation means: "adding a chemical—sodium fluoride or sodium fluorosilicate—to public water supplies for the purpose of causing changes in the bodies of some consumers". He states, but unsensationally, the startling fact that both salts are well-known rat-poisons and insecticides, and notes that it was neither of these salts, but *calcium* fluoride which was present in the local water supplies in certain areas where it was discovered in the 1930s that young children were free from dental caries. He points to the clear interest of the aluminium industry and other big businesses in a proposal which provides them with a profitable market for what was hitherto a virtually undisposable and embarrassing by-product, a proposal first put forward by a research worker in an American institute receiving substantial grants from the aluminium industry.

These are issues which Mr. Blount does not burke, but the gravamen of his objection to fluoridation is that "once the idea has been accepted by the nation we shall have given the State the right to interfere with the functioning and development of people's bodies, and the bodies of their children, without their consent".

USEFUL REPRINTS

The Britons Publishing Company, of 111a Westbourne Grove, London, W.11, has recently made once more available a number of books which have been out of print from periods ranging from several months to many years. Of those received by *Candour* for review I would give pride of place to *Manacles for Mankind* by Mark Ewell (12s. 6d.), if only because the author's pseudonym hides the identity of a very highly valued member of the *Candour*/League of Empire Loyalists movement. As an exercise in the art of puncturing the pretensions of the United Nations and its associated specialised agencies, and exposing the extraordinary degree to which Communist influence is paramount in so many of their pronouncements and publications, *Manacles for Mankind* should be compulsory reading for all the starry-eyed internationalist idealists.

In 1934 the firm of George Routledge & Sons published a little classic by R. McNair Wilson entitled *Promise to Pay,* a work which not only exposed the fallacies of what the bankers like to call "sound finance" in a style both simple and readable, but proceeded to point out the lengths to which the international banksters will go in destroying nationhood and furthering political internationalism to safeguard their own interests and to ensure their own ultimate monopoly of power. This excellent work has now been made available again by the Britons Publishing Company at 12s. 6d.

If one accepts the *Little Oxford Dictionary's* definition of "anti-Semitic" as "opposing Jewish influence in politics, etc.", one could justly describe, though not dismiss, Mrs. L. Fry's famous *Waters Flowing Eastward* as a classic of anti-Semitism. The description would be a little misleading, however, because of the success which the Jews have had with their understandable, if not very admirable, efforts to depict all anti-Semites as criminals or lunatics, or both. Mrs. Fry's book is the work of neither a criminal nor a lunatic, but of a painstaking scholar not afraid to challenge the most powerful forces of the day. The same description could have been applied to the late Father Denis Fahey, who, it is now revealed, edited the new edition of *Waters Flowing Eastward* which appeared a dozen years ago. It is this edition, with addenda, which is now published by the Britons at 25s.

MASONIC DIATRIBE

The last of the books received from the Britons is decidedly an oddity. Some years ago, the Rev. Walton Hannah published a searching exposé of Freemasonry under the title of *Darkness Visible,* which certainly appeared to show that it would be extremely difficult, if not impossible, for any man to be both a conscientious Christian and a conscientious Freemason. To one like myself (and many others), convinced of the evil of Grand Orient Freemasonry but unconvinced that this evil is shared by English Freemasonry, *Darkness Visible* certainly seemed to call for an answer. The answer it got was *Light Invisible* by "Vindex". Unfortunately for the Freemasons, the only effect that this extraordinary diatribe would be likely to have on any objective reader who had taken notice of *Darkness Visible* would be to make him think that a case that has to be defended with abuse rather than argument must indeed be a weak case. "Diatribe" is an overworked word, but justified in this case, and it is no wonder that the publisher of this new edition of *Light Invisible* can write: "We also have Mr. Hannah's assurance that he has no objection to a Britons' edition of this attack upon his own works which he claims in no way weakens his case."

NOT SCRUFFY

IN our Open Letter to the Editor of *Die Burger* we described a certain unnamed bookshop as "scruffy" and said that it was situated in a remote London suburb. We have since been informed that the bookshop is not scruffy and the suburb not remote—assurances which we accept.

The fact that we mentioned no names is proof that we were concerned to attack only the Editor of *Die Burger* and nobody in the United Kingdom.

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